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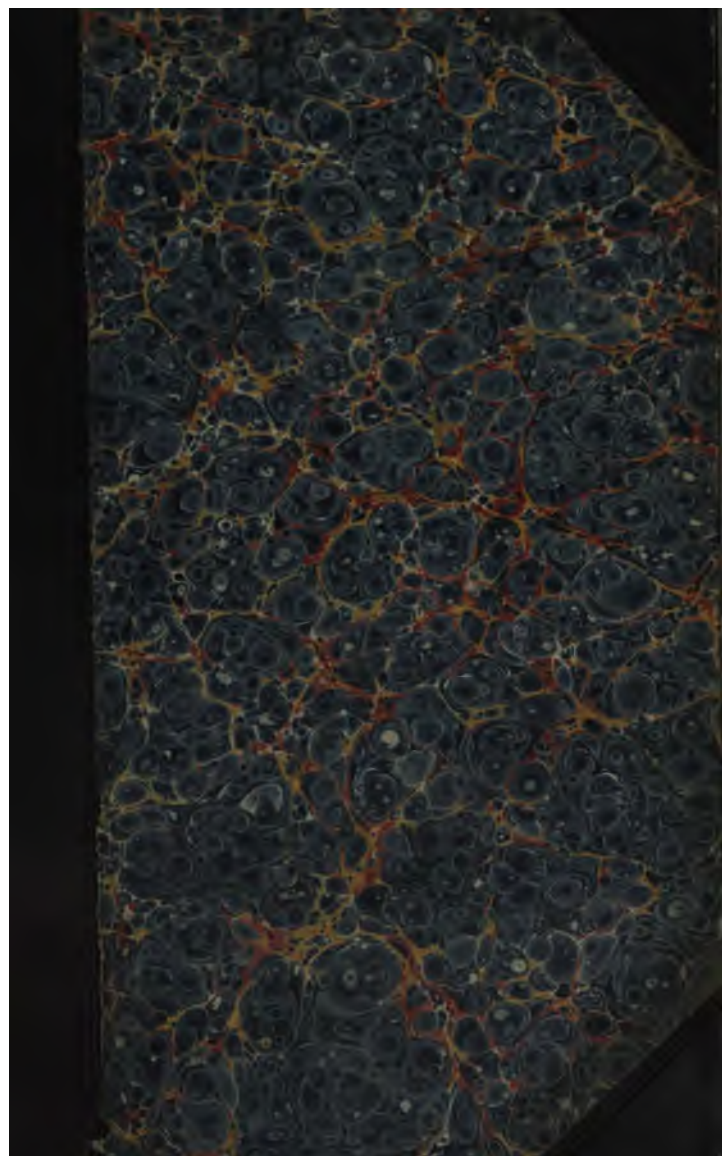
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THE NEW

SELECT PORTION

OF

Psalms and Hymns,

APPOINTED TO BE USED IN

WATFORD CHURCH.

Sing ye praises with understanding.

WATFORD

Printed and Published by J. LOVE, Bookseller and Stationer;
may be had also of Mr. SIMMON, Bookseller; and of
Mr. NEWMAN, Clerk of the Church.

1819.

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PSALM I.

O how blest the man, whose ear
Impious counsel shuns to hear ;
Who nor loves to tread the way
Where the sons of folly stray,
Nor their frantic mirth to share,
Seated in Derision's chair ;
But, possess'd with sacred awe,
Meditates, Great God ! thy law :
This by day his fix'd employ,
This by night his constant joy.
When thy Judge, O earth ! shall come,
And to each assign their doom,
Say, shall then the impious band
With the just assembled stand ?
These, th' Almighty,—these *alone*,
Objects of his love shall own,
While his vengeance who defy,
Whelm'd in endless ruin lie.

PSALM II.

**THOU, O my God! art my defence,
On thee my hopes rely:
Thou art my glory, and thy hand
Shall lift my head on high.**

**Insulting men may me upbraid,
And him whom I adore;
That God in whom he trusts, say they,
Shall rescue him no more.**

**Yet, whensoever in distress,
To God I made my pray'r,
He heard me from his holy hill;
Why should I then despair?**

**Guarded by him, I lay me down,
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.**



PSALM III.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,

Accept my secret pray'r ;

To thee, alone, my King, my God,

Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;

And with the dawn of day,

To thee devoutly I look up,

To thee devoutly pray.

Off to thy house will I resort,

To taste thy mercies there ;

To hear the wonders of thy love,

And worship in thy fear.

On thee alone

PSALM IV.*Part First.*

**Know that the good and righteous man,
Is God's peculiar choice ;
And when to him he makes his pray'r,
He ever hears his voice.**

**Stand ye in awe of God's commands,
Flee from whate'er is ill ;
Commune in private with your hearts,
To his law bend your will.**

**The place of antient sacrifice
Let righteousness supply ;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On him alone rely !**

PSALM IV.
Part: Second.

WHILE worldly minds impatient grow,
 Rich prosp'rous days to see;
 Oh let the glories of thy face
 Shine brightly, Lord, on me!

So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
 More lasting, far more true,
 Than theirs, who store of corn and wine,
 Incessantly pursue.

In peace will I lay down my head,
 And take my needful rest;
 No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
 Of this defence possess.

PSALM V.*Part First.*

O THOU, to whom all creature's bow,
Within this earthly frame ;
Through all the world how great art thou
How glorious is thy name !

In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung,
Not fully number'd there ;
Here makest thou the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Ev'n by the mouth of sucking babes
Thou wilt confound thy foes ;
For in those babes thy might is seen,
Thy glories they disclose.

PSALM V.*Part Second.*

**LORD, when I view the heav'ns on high,
The works of thine own hand,
The sun, the moon, and all the stars,
In order as they stand!**

**Lord, what is man? whom thou hast lov'd,
Daily to keep in mind;
Or what his sons? that thou hast prov'd,
To them so wond'rous kind.**

**O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
Through all the world how great art thou,
How glorious is thy name!**

PSALM VI.

**Who is the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair ;
Not stranger-like to visit them,
But to inhabit there ?**

**'Tis he who ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves ;
Whose generous tongue disdains to say
The thing his heart disproves :**

**Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound :
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round :**

PSALM VIII

I THANK thee, Lord, who hast me taught
The way of truth and right ;
And who hast made my secret thoughts
Correct me ev'ry night.

First in my sight I set the Lord,
And trust him above all ;
For he on my right hand doth stand,
Therefore I shall not fall.

Lo ! for this cause my heart is glad,
My glory shall rejoice ;
My body also rests in hope
Of rising at his voice.

PSALM VIII.*Part First.*

**Thy glory, Lord, the heav'ns declare,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's will.**

**The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
And from the night's successive rounds
Divine instruction springs.**

**Thy glory, Lord, the heav'ns declare,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's will.**

PSALM VIII.*Part Second.*

THY glory, Lord, the heav'ns declare,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's will.

In guiding rays the circling sun
Their sentiments conveys ;
Imprinted on the thoughtful heart,
Through earth's extent displays.

From east to west, from east to west,
His constant course he goes ;
And in his progress, genial light
And vital warmth bestows.

PSALM VIII.*Part Third.*

How perfect is the law of God,
Correcting false desires :
With wisdom his enlight'ning word
The ignorant inspires.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
And yield sincere delight ;
His precepts pure, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

Of greater price are they by far
Than gold without allay ;
The honey and the honey-comb,
Are not so sweet as they.

PSALM VIII.*Part Fourth.*

O LORD, what man exactly knows
The errors of his ways ?

O cleanse me from my secret faults,
And keep me all my days.

That presumptuous sin may get
Dominion over me ;
So shall I from each great offence
Be innocent and free.

Then shall the off'rings of my youth
Be pleasing in thy sight ;
For thou alone my Saviour art,
O Lord, thou God of might.

PSALM IX.

**My God, my rock, in whom I trust,
The source of all my wealth ;
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health :**

**According to mine innocence
Wilt thou my weal regard ;
And to the pure thy truths shall be
A sure and great reward.**

**On Cherubs, and on Cherubims,
Full royally he rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.**

PSALM X.

My shepherd is the living Lord,
 I therefore nothing need ;
 In pastures fair, near waters calm,
 He placeth me to feed.

He will convert and glad my soul,
 And put my mind in frame,
 To walk in paths of righteousness,
 For his most holy name.

Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
 Yet will I fear no ill ;
 Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
 And thou art with me still.

PSALM XI.*Part First.*

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's
The Lord her fullness is ;
The world, and they that dwell therein
By sov'reign right are his.

He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas,
And his almighty hand
Upon inconstant floods has made
The stable fabric stand.

But for his saints this Lord of all,
One chosen seat designed ;
O ! who shall to that sacred hill
Joyful admittance find ?

The man whose heart and hands are p
Whose thoughts from pride are free
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perfidy.



PSALM / XX

Part Second.

LIFT up your heads, be lifted high,
 Ye everlasting gates;
 The King shall enter in, on whom
 Eternal glory waits.

Who is the King of Glory—who?
 The Lord in battle strong
 He is the God to whom
 All pow'r and praise belong.

Lift up your heads, be lifted high,
 Ye everlasting gates;
 The King shall enter in, on whom
 Eternal glory waits.

PSALM XII.*Part First.*

I lift my heart to thee,
My God and Guide most just;
Permit me not to suffer shame,
For in thee do I trust.

Let not my foes rejoice,
Or make a scoff of me,
And let them not be overthrown
Who put their trust in thee.

But shame shall those befall,
Who hate me without cause;
Discover clearly to me, Lord,
Thy paths and righteous laws.

PSALM. XII.*Part Second.*

For thy most holy name,
O Lord, I thee intreat,
To grant me pardon for my sins,
Which are exceeding great.

Whoso doth fear the Lord,
The Lord will him protect;
And in the most accepted way
His footsteps will direct.

His soul shall evermore
With ease and joy be blest;
And, when he dies, these blessings shall
Upon his children rest.

PSALM LXXI

In innocence I wash my hands,
 And so encompass round
 Thine altar with the sacred bands,
 Whose tongues thy praises sound.
 How oft, inspir'd with warmth divine,
 Thy threshold have I trod!
 How lov'd the courts whose walls ens
 The glory of my God!
 Pour then, O pour, while thus I tread
 The paths by thee prepar'd,
 Thy beams of mercy on my head,
 And round me plant thy guard!

PSALM LXIV

To render thanks unto the Lord;
 How great a cause have I! O Lord, O Lord
 Who hath my supplications heard, and answered
 So soon and graciously!

He is my shield, my strength, and might;
 My buckler in distress;
 My hope, my help, my heart's relief,
 The God whom I confess.

The safeguard he, and strong defence,
 Against the enemy;
 The health and surety of all those
 Who on his truth rely.

PSALM XXII.

Through all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance will I boast,
 Till all that are distress'd;
 From my example comfort take,
 And sooth their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me;
 With me exalt his name;
 When in distress to him I call,
 He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliverance he affords to all
 Who on his succour trust.

PSALM XVIII.

O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heav'nly spheres ascends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond th' expanse of sky extends.

Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy fost'ring wing their refuge make,
And saints in thy protection trust !

PSALM XIX.*Part First.*

FERET not thyself at wicked men,
Of their ungodly gains ;
Nor envious be at all the wealth
They get by sinful means.

For, as the tender grass is cut,
And withers soon away ;
So shall their great prosperity
Fade quickly and decay.

But put thy trust in God, the Lord,
To virtue give thy mind ;
So shalt thou blessed be on earth,
And plenty in it find.

PSALM XIX.*Part Second.*

**THE Lord the just man's way doth guide,
And gives him good success;
In whatso'er he undertakes,
God doth him greatly bless.**

**The just man, though he fall, shall not
Be wholly cast away;
Because the Lord, with his own hand,
Doth him support and stay.**

**I have been young, and now am old,
Yet did I never see
The just forlorn, or void of hope,
Expos'd to misery.**

PSALM XX

**LORD, teach me so to count the years
And months already past,
That so I may consider well
How short my term may last!**

**Lord, thou hast measur'd out my days,
In compass as a span;
Mine age is nothing unto thee,
So vain a thing is man.**

**Man passeth like a shade, in vain
He doth himself employ
In heaping wealth, and cannot see
Who shall that wealth enjoy.**

PSALM XXI.

HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress;
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord will give him rest.

If he, in languishing estate,
O'erwhelm'd with sickness lie,
The Lord will easy make his couch,
And inward strength supply.

Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my prayer address ;
“ Lord, for thy mercy heal my soul,
“ Though daily I transgress.”

PSALM XXII.

**As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chace,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.**

**For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine!**

**Why restless? why cast down, my soul
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him, who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.**

PSALM XXIII.

**JUDGE and avenge my cause, O Lord,
On them that evil be ;
From wicked and deceitful men,
O Lord, deliver me.**

**Send out thy light and saving truth,
And lead me with thy grace,
Which may conduct me to thy hill,
And to thy dwelling place.**

**Then shall I to God's altar go,
To celebrate his praise ;
And on my harp give thanks to him
With gladness all my days.**

PSALM XXXIV.

THE Lord, the only God, is great ;

Let him be ever prais'd ;

In Sion, on its chosen mount,

His sacred throne was raised.

God in her palaces was known,

His presence was her guard ;

Confed'rate kings withdrew their sieg

They of success despair'd.

So not in fortresses and walls,

Do we, O God, confide ;

But on the temple fix our hopes,

In which thou dost reside.

PSALM XXVI

O God! my heart is fix'd, is bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will, with the early dawn, awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound,
To all the list'ning nations round;
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

PSALM XXVI.

LET all the earth in God rejoice,
And praise his holy name ;
Yea, let us all with heart and voice,
Set forth and laud the same.

Say unto God, in all thy works
How great dost thou appear !
Thy foes do feel thy pow'r so great,
Their stubborn heart shall fear.

Let all that dwell throughout the earth
Give praise unto our God ;
And let the honour of his name
Be daily shewn abroad.

PSALM XXVH.

HAVE mercy on us, Lord,
And grant to us thy grace ;
To shew to us do thou accord
The brightness of thy face :

That thy most holy way
May to the earth be shewn ;
And that thy great salvation may
To all mankind be known.

Let all the world, with fear,
Give praise unto thy name ;
O let the people ev'ry where
Extol and laud the same.

PSALM XXVIII.

BE light and glad, in God rejoice;
Who is our strength and stay :
Be joyful, and lift up your voice
To Jacob's God alway.

Prepare your instruments most neat
Some joyful psalm to sing ;
Strike up with harp and lute so sweet
On ev'ry pleasant string.

Blow as it were in the new moon,
With trumpets of the best,
As it was used to be done
At any solemn feast.

For this is unto Israel
A statute, which was made
By Jacob's God, and must full well
Be evermore obey'd.

PSALM XXIX

How pleasant is thy dwelling-place,
 O Lord of hosts, to me;
 The tabernacles of thy grace,
 How pleasant, Lord, they be!

My soul doth daily long to go
 Into thy blest abodes;
 My heart with zeal devout doth glow
 For thee, the living God.

The sparrows find a room to rest,
 And save themselves from wrong;
 The swallow also hath a nest,
 Wherein to keep her young.

PSALM XXX.

O LORD of hosts incline thine ear,
And hear me when I cry;
And, of thy mercy, on me cast
A favourable eye.

For in thy courts one single day,
Employ'd before thy face,
Is better than a thousand spent
In any other place.

Much rather would I keep a door
Within the house of God,
Than in the tents of wickedness
Take up my sole abode.

PSALM XXXI.

**JEHOVAH reigns ! ye nations own,
With humble hearts, his sway ;
Betwixt the cherubs stands his throne ;
Earth, tremble and obey !**

**His pow'r with equity ally'd,
Through time's long course has stood ;
Jacob thy judgments, Lord, has try'd,
And known them just and good.**

**Let each with humble joy elate,
Before thy footstool bow ;
Thee ceaseless praise ; for, who so great,
So holy, Lord, as thou ?**

PSALM XXXII

It is a joyful thing to give
Thanks to the Lord, most high;
And to sing praises to thy name,
O God above the sky:

To shew forth all thy wond'rous love
Before the morning light
And to declare thy gracious truth
And mercy ev'ry night:

Upon a ten-string'd instrument,
And trump with solemn sound,
And on the well-tun'd psaltery
To sing thy praise around.

PSALM XXXIII

O come let us lift our voice,
And sing unto the Lord ;
His wond'rous works to all the world,
Set forth with one accord,

Let us, with hymns of thanks and praise,
Draw near before his face ;
And in our joyful psalms extol
The riches of his grace.

For God our Lord is God alone,
The great and mighty Lord ;
The King supreme above all gods,
Through all the world ador'd.

PSALM XXXIV.

ALL people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Serve him with fear, his praises tell;
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make :
We are his flock, he doth us feed ;
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter, then, his gates with praise,
And let his courts with joy resound ;
Praise, thank, and bless, our God always
With glory let his name be crown'd.

PSALM XXXV.

My soul give land unto the Lord ;

My tongue express the same :

And all the powers of my mind

For ever praise his name.

Give thanks to God for all his gifts ;

Do not ungrateful prove ;

And suffer not thyself to be

Forgetful of his love :

Who gave thee pardon for thy sins

And thee restor'd again

From all diseases of thy mind,

And heal'd thee of thy pain.

PSALM XXXVI.

My soul, praise the Lord,

Speak good of his name.

O Lord, our great God,

How dost thou appear:

So passing in glory,

That great is thy fame;

Honour and majesty

In thee shine most clear

With light as a robe

Thou hast thyself clad,

Whereby all the earth

Thy greatness may see

The heavens in such sort

Thou also hath spread,

That they to a curtain

Compared may be.



PSALM XXXVII

**O God, prepared is my heart ;
The note spontaneous flows ;
My voice does all its pow'rs impart,
Thy glories to disclose.**

**Awake my viol and my harp,
Sweet melody to make ;
And in the morning I myself,
Right early will awake.**

**Lift up thyself, O God, on high,
In light and truth array'd ;
Thy bounties reach beyond the sky,
Through heav'n and earth display'd.**

PSALM XXXVIII.*Part First.*

To God above, from all below,
Let hymns of praise ascend ;
Whose blessings unexhausted flow,
Whose love shall know no end :

That love whose gifts with thankful
The sons of want divide ;
And find their ev'ry grief redress'd,
Their ev'ry wish suppli'd.

Distress'd, to God they make their p
And Nature joyous sees
His word her ruin'd strength repair,
Her fiercest tortures cease.

PSALM XXXVIII*Part Second.*

THEY, who o'er seas, from shore to shore,
The gifts of commerce bear,
and wonders of the deep explore,
Must own, that God is there.

By these his works are seen, his ways
By these are understood :
He speaks the word ; the storm obeys,
And rising lifts the flood.

Distress'd to God they make their pray'r,
Obedient to his will ;
The storms that rag'd, their rage forbear ;
The seas that roar'd are still.

PSALM XXXIX.

**YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless :
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.**

**God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shades of his glory are :
To him whose majesty excels,
Who made the earth in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.**

**Though 'twere beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care ;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.**

PSALM XL.

WHAT pow'r could make the deep divine,
Make Jordan backwards roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills,
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God;
The King of Israel, see him here;
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear!

He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rocks to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess their Lord.

PSALM XLI.

O sing new songs of sacred praise,
In choicest psalms your voices raise ;
Let the Almighty's fame be sung
Through ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
O sing and bless Jehovah's name ;
From day to day his praise proclaim.

He form'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high ;
His glorious majesty revere,
Him only love, him only fear.
To worship at his holy-court,
Let all the trembling world resort ;
With grateful hearts surround his throne,
For God is king, and he alone.

PSALM XLII.

**O ALL ye nations of the world,
Praise ye the Lord always ;
And all ye people ev'ry where
Set forth his glorious praise.**

**For great his kindness is to us,
His truth doth ne'er decay ;
Wherefore praise ye the Lord our God,
Praise ye the Lord alway.**

GLORIA PATRI.

**To FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.**

PSALM XLIII.

**With cheerful note let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise ;
Let all inspir'd with godly mirth
Sing solemn hymns of praise.**

**God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.**

GLORIA PATRI.

**To FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.**

PSALM XLIV.

e your voice and thankful sing
 es to your heav'nly King ;
 his mercies far extend,
 his bounty knows no end.

I, thy Creator bless,
 with joyous tongue confess,
 his mercies far extend,
 his bounty knows no end.

who make his will your care,
 n assenting voice declare,
 t his mercies far extend,
 his bounty knows no end.

PSALM XLV.*Part First.*

How blest are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way,
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray?

Oh that the Lord would guide my steps
To keep his precepts still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will!

To me, O Lord, thy truth reveal,
Thy heavenly truth impart;
Thy work for ever I'll pursue,
Thy law shall rule my heart,

PSALM XLV:*Part Second.*

How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.

With fervent zeal for thee we seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O suffer not our careless steps
From thy right paths to stray!

Safe in our hearts, and closely hid,
Thy word, our treasure, lies,
To succour us with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

PSALM XLVI

**FROM Sion's hill my help descends,
To God I lift mine eyes ;
My strength on him alone depends,
Who form'd the earth and skies.**

**He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids my foot to slide ;
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's Guard and Guide,**

**Safe shall I go, and safe return,
While he my life defends,
Whose eyes my ev'ry step discern,
Whose mercy never ends.**

PSALM XLVIII

THEY, who a race unblest shall rear,
A fruitless toil sustain ;
If God to shield the house forbear,
The watchman wakes in vain,

Why rise ye early, late take rest,
And eat the bread of care?
The balm of sleep, his gift confest,
His children only share,

Know to thy sons, that round thee stand,
A gift by him prepar'd ;
Nor arrows, in the giant's hand,
Can yield so sure a guard.

PSALM XLVHI.

How great must their enjoyment be,
How great their pleasures prove;
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!

This love is like the precious oil
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed,

'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

PSALM XLIX.

**Rejoice, and have regard,
Ye servants of the Lord,
Who in his house by night do watch,
Praise him with one accord.**

**Lift up your heads on high
Unto his holy place ;
And give the Lord his praises due,
His benefits embrace.**

**For why ? the Lord our God,
Who heav'n and earth did frame,
Doth Sion bless, and will preserve
For evermore the same.**

PSALM L.

**THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.**

**Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways ;
Thou know'st whate'er my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.**

**Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I feel thy hand :
Wisdom, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !**

PSALM LI.

**O PRAISE the Lord, praise God my soul;
For ever bless his name;
His wond'rous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise will claim.**

**Happy is he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who with a well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.**

**The Lord, who made the heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain,**

PSALM, LII.

Ye boundless realms of joy,

Exalt your Maker's fame;

His praise your song employ,

Above the starry frame.

Your voices raise,

Ye cherubims,

And seraphims,

To sing his praise.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,

And sun that guid'st the day,

Ye glittering stars of light,

To him your homage pay.

His praise declare,

Ye heav'ns above,

And clouds that move,

In liquid air.



HYMNS.

HYMN II.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue etherial sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

HYMN V.

THE righteous souls that take their flight,
Far from this world of pain,
In God's paternal bosom blest,
For ever shall remain.

To minds unwise they seem to die,
All joyful hope to cease;
Whilst they secur'd by faith, repose
In everlasting peace:

For, at the great, the awful day,
When Christ descends from high,
With myriads of angelic saints,
They'll meet him in the sky.

HYMN VI.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For *thou, O Lord*, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful sh

HYMN VII.

Soon as the morn salutes your eyes,
And from sweet sleep refresh'd you rise,
Think on the Author of the light,
And praise him for that glorious sight;
His mercy infinite adore,
His goodness infinite implore.

At noon, of what you then partake,
An off'ring of thanksgiving make;
And of the creatures for your use,
Be not luxuriously profuse,
For temp'rance, when with prudence join'd,
Brings health of body, peace of mind.

Take not at night the least repose,
Ere you to heav'n your soul disclose;
Consider how you've spent the day,
And for divine protection pray:
For you no blessing can expect,
If you to ask it should neglect.

HYMN VIII.

With sorrow and with guilt oppress,
To thee, O Lord, we fly ;
Oh, hear thy people's sad request !
Oh! dry the wat'ry eye!

Thy lenient hand can pity bring,
And comfort's balm bestow,
Attend thy people's suffering,
And lessen all their woe.

The languid head of drooping care,
Thy tender pity cheers ;
The contrite sinner's humble pray'rs,
Thy boundless mercy hears.

HYMN IX.

**GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look :
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.**

**The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n ;
But thy good word informs my soul,
How I may soar to heav'n.**

**Lord, make me understand thy law ;
Shew what my faults have been ;
And from the gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.**

HYMN XII.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love !
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
These our hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.

HYMN XIII

WE'LL proclaim the wond'rous story
Of mercies we receive,
From the day-spring's dawning glory,
'Till the fading hours of eve.

All the blessings heav'n is lending,
We'll extol in grateful lays;
To his radiant throne ascending,
Wafted on the wings of praise.

To exalted rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy days;
All our grateful hearts combining
To declare his endless praise.

HYMN XIV.

To him, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One voice let all his creatures rise!
All nature's incense rise!

Vile though I am, yet made by thee,
And quick'ned by thy breath,
O lead me safe, from dangers free,
Through this day's life, or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou knowest best, bestow'd, or not:
And let thy will be done!

HYMN XV.

How are thy children blest, O Lord!

How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their aid, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,

Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes they pass unhurt,

Or breathe in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,

Bids ev'ry region please,

The icy mountain's top it warms,

And smoothes the raging seas.

HYMN XVI.

O LET my soul devoutly think
How, with affrighted eyes,
It saw the awful hand of death
In all its terrors rise!

Yet then from all my dread, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of pray'r,
My heart took hold on thee.

In all my dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

HYMN XVII.

**When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.**

**Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare.
Which glows within my thankful heart!—
But thou can'st read it there.**

**Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.**

HYMN XVIII.

Thy hand, O God, my life sustain'd;

And all my wants redrest,

When in the silent womb I lay;

And hung upon the breast;

To all my weak complaints and cries

Thy mercy lent an ear;

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt

To form themselves in pray'r,

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,

With heedless steps I ran,

Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,

And led me up to man;

HYMN XIX.

BLEST he, whose heart with pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes;
Who to the poor man bows his ear,
And dries the helpless orphan's tear!

When languid with disease and pain,
Thou, Lord, his spirit will sustain;
Raise with thine arm his sinking head,
And make with tend'rest care his bed.

Maker of all ! be thou my guard !
Give me my strength, by thee repair'd ;
To thee through all my life I'll raise
One song of never-ceasing praise.

HYMN XX.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty!
His glory shines with beams so bright;
No mortal eye can bear the sight;
The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

HYMN XXI.

THOU great and sacred Lord of all!

Of life the only spring!

Creator of unnumber'd worlds!

O great and glorious King!

Whose image shakes the wond'ring mind:

Beyond conception high,

Crown'd with omnipotence, and veil'd

With dark eternity!

Drive from the confines of my heart

Impenitence and pride,

Nor let me in erroneous paths

With thoughtless mortals glide:

Whate'er thine all-discerning eye

Sees for thy creature fit,

I'll bless the good, and to the ill

Contentedly submit.

HYMN XXII.

IN this thy sacred temple, Lord,
Do thou be with us still ;
Our souls with thy refreshing word
Let thy blest Spirit fill.

With fervent zeal our thoughts inspire,
From earth-born wand'rings free ;
And let devotion's hallow'd fire
As incense rise to thee.

Pure charity, that hopes the best,
Sweet charity, bestow,
The bliss to see another blest,
The tear for others' woe.

HYMN XXIII.

LORD, how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair !
How frail the strongest frame we see,
If thou the sinner's fate decree !

As when the fretting moths consume
The labour of the curious loom,
The texture fails, the dyes decay,
And all its lustre fades away.

O spare me, Lord, awhile, O spare,
And nature's ruin'd strength repair ;
Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
I perish, and am seen no more.

HYMN XXIV.

COME sing the great Jehovah's praise,
 Whose mercies have prolong'd our days :
 Sing with a joyful voice :
 With bended knees and raised eyes,
 Adore your God with sacrifice ;
 In sacred hymns rejoice.

O come, before his footstool fall !
 Our only God, who formed us all,
 Through storms and dangers leads ;
 He is our shepherd, we his sheep,
 His arm protects us while we sleep,
 And helps in all our needs.

HYMN XXXV.

To thee, O Father of mankind,
 Shall our glad hymns ascend,
 To anger love, to have inclin'd
 Whose goodness hath no end.

The poor and needy from the dust
 Thy hand vouchsaf'd to raise;
 That in th' assembly of the just,
 They may record thy praise.

Then will I speak and sing that praise,
 Which doth belong to thee;
 And so declare the wond'rous ways
 Thou hast been good to me.

HYMN XXVI.

INFINITE Pow'r, eternal Lord,
How sov'reign is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

But, ah! how wide my spirits flies.
And wanders from my God!
My soul forgets the heav'nly prize,
And treads the downward road.

HYMN XXVII.

**O LORD, our God, our songs to thee
Shall, like thyself, immortal be ;
For ever we'll thy praise express,
And ev'ry day thy name we'll bless.**

**Thy hand supports the drooping head ;
Has rais'd the low, the hungry fed ;
Justice and truth thy ways secure,
And, like thyself, thy works are pure.**

**To all who pray, the Lord is near,
If in that pray'r they are sincere ;
Their suits he grants, their wants supplies,
And saves them when he hears their cries.**

HYMN XXVIII.

How short and hasty 's our life !

How vast our souls' affairs !

Yet, senseless mortals vainly strive

To lavish out their years.

Our days run thoughtlessly along,

Without a moments stay ;

And like a fleeting dream, or song,

We pass our lives away.

God from on high invites us home,

But we run heedless on,

And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,

Stoop downwards as we run.

HYMN XXIX.

**THE Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.**

**O then ! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake ?**

**Thou, mighty, formidable King ;
Thou, mercy's inexhausted spring ;
Some comfortable pity bring.**

**Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror toss.**

HYMN XXX.

For Christmas-day.

THE Saviour comes, by prophets long foretold
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day.

He shall the paths of sound obstructed clear,
And bid new music charm the senseless ear.
The dumb shall sing, the lame support forego,
And leap exulting as the bounding roe.

No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear
From ev'ry face, he wipes off ev'ry tear ;
In strongest chain shall conquer'd death be
 bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

He, as a shepherd carries in his arms
The tender lamb, and in his bosom warms,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects.

HYMN XXXI.

For Christmas-Day.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God,
Who takes our guilt away ;
See and adore his heav'nly love,
And praise him day by day !

Be ev'ry valley high,
Be ev'ry mountain low !
The proud shall stoop—the humble soul
Shall his salvation know.

The heathen realms abroad
Shall join in sweet accord,
And all the sons of men shall see
The glory of the Lord.

HYMN XXXII.*For Christmas-Day.*

WHILST shepherds watch'd their flocks by
night,

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“ Fear not,” said he, (for mighty dread,
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)

“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
“ To you and all mankind.

“ To you in David's town this day

“ Is born, of David's line,

“ The SAVIOUR, who is CHRIST the LORD ;

“ And this shall be the sign :

“ The heav'nly babe you there shall find,

“ To human view display'd,

“ All meanly wrapp'd in wasthing bands,

“ And in a manger laid !”

**Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song :**

**“ All glory be to God on high,
“ And to the earth be peace ;
“ Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men,
“ Begin and never cease.”**

HYMN XXXIII.*For the New Year.*

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hands supports the steady pole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies,

Seasons renew'd, and years and days,
Demand successive songs of praise :
Still be the grateful homage paid
With op'ning light and ev'ning shade,

And may we, with harmonious tongue,
In realms unknown pursue the song !
There, in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more,

HYMN XXXIV.

For Good-Friday.

From whence those dire portents around,
 That earth and heav'n amaze?
 Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,
 Why hides the sun his rays?

Not thus did Sinai's trembling head
 With sacred horror nod,
 Beneath the dark pavilion spread
 Of the descending God.

Thou Earth, thy lowest centres shake
 With Jesu sympathise;
 Thou Sun, in deepest gloom be black,
 'Tis man's Redeemer dies.

See, streaming from the fatal tree
 His all-atoning blood!
 Is this the Saviour? yes, 'tis he!
 My Saviour, and my God.

Let sin no more my soul enslave ;
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain :
Save me, thou Lamb, sent down to save,
Nor bleed, for me, in vain !

HYMN XXXV.

**ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?**

**Was it for crimes that I have done
He groan'd upon the tree !
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !**

**Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's sin.**

**Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.**

HYMN XXXVI.

For Easter-Day.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant festal day ;
Who did once, upon the cross,
Suffer, to redeem man's loss.

Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto Christ our heav'nly King,
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

For the pains which he endur'd
Our salvation have procur'd ;
Now above the skies our King,
Where the angels ever sing.

 HYMN XXXVII.

For Whit-Sunday.

CREATIVE Spirit, by whose aid
 the world's foundations first were laid ;
 come, visit ev'ry pious mind,
 come, pour thy graces on mankind !

Thrice holy source, thrice holy fire,
 our hearts with heav'nly love inspire !
 come, and thy sacred unction bring,
 O sanctify us while we sing !

Immortal honours, endless fame,
 attend the Almighty Fathers' name ;
 The Saviour, Son, be glorified ;
 Who for lost man's redemption dy'd !

And equal adoration be,
 creative Spirit, paid to thee !
 come, visit ev'ry pious mind ;
 come, pour thy blessings on mankind !

HYMN XXXVIII.

For Whit-Sunday.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love;
Shed thy blest influence from above;
And still, from age to age, convey
The wonders of this sacred day!

In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
Be God's eternal praises sung!
Through all the list'ning earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought!

Unfailing Comfort, heav'nly Guide,
Over thy fav'rite church preside;
Still may mankind thy blessing prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

HYMN XXXIX,*For Ascension-Day*

**OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
The Saviour is gone up on high ;
The pow'rs of Hell are captive led.
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.**

**There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay :
“ Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
“ Ye everlasting gates give way !”**

**Loose all your bars of massive light,
And wine unfold th' ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right :
Receive the King of Glory in.**

**Who is the King of Glory ?—Who ?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the conqueror's name.**

HYMN XL.

For a Fast-Day.

O SPARE US, Lord, nor o'er our head
The fulness of thy vengeance shed!
With pitying eye our weakness view!
Heal our disease, our strength renew!

And O! if yet our sins demand
The wise corrections of thy hand,
Yet give our pains their bounds to know
And fix a period to our woe!

To thee, great God, our hearts we bend
To thee our ceaseless pray'rs ascend;
Return, O Lord, return, and save
Thy servants from the threat'ning grave

O spare us, Lord, awhile O spare,
And nature's ruin'd strength repair!
Our trust in thee we still maintain,
Whom none e'er sought and sought in vain

HYMN XLI.

Morning Hymn.

AWAKE, my soul ; and, with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice !

I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly choir ;
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my time may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning-dew ;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill,

Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake,

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, angelic host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST.

HYMN XLII.*Evening Hymn.*

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, angelic host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST,*

THE END.









